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Northern Messenger

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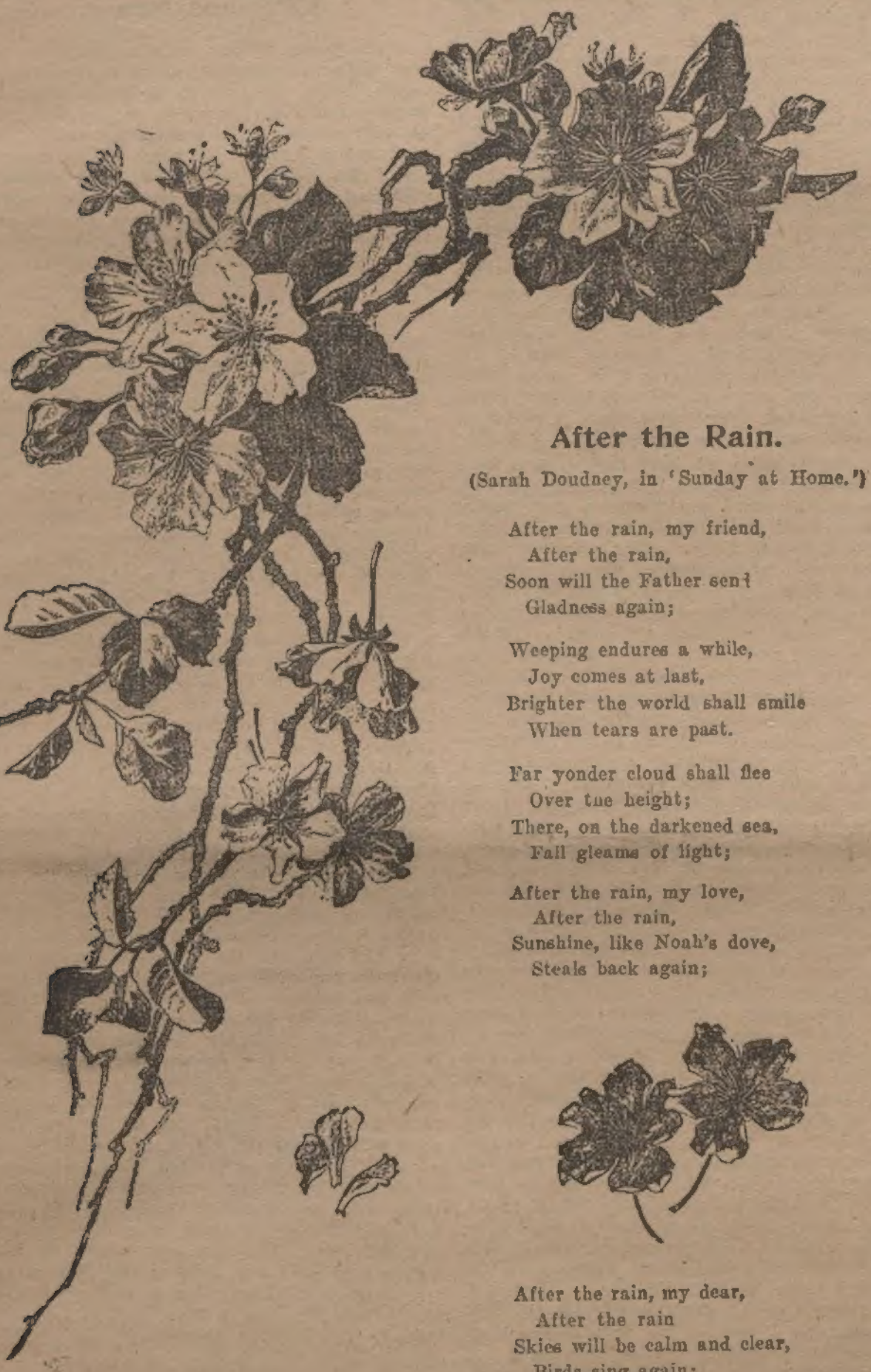
'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

MW Bronscombe 30 Nov 09



Brave souls can bear the showers,
Heavy and chill,
Hearts that are strong as ours
Grief cannot kill;

Wait, with your hand in mine
Trustful and true,
Wait, till the glories shine
Out of the blue!

After the Rain.

(Sarah Doudney, in 'Sunday at Home.')

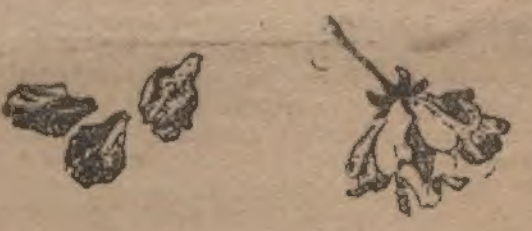
After the rain, my friend,
After the rain,
Soon will the Father send
Gladness again;

Weeping endures a while,
Joy comes at last,
Brighter the world shall smile
When tears are past.

Far yonder cloud shall flee
Over the height;
There, on the darkened sea,
Fall gleams of light;

After the rain, my love,
After the rain,
Sunshine, like Noah's dove,
Steals back again;

Blossoms shall open their eyes,
Blooming and bright;
Earth will be paradise,
Life a delight;



Only be hopeful, sweet,
Never complain;
Daisies will kiss your feet,
After the rain.

After the rain, my dear,
After the rain
Skies will be calm and clear,
Birds sing again;

The Parson's Barrel.

(The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in the 'Evangelist.')

'Well, parson,' said Deacon Goodgold to his pastor, that last Sunday mornin's sermon was number one prime; may I ask you which end of the barrel that came out on? Your barrel is like the widder's in scripter; it never seems to give out.' 'I am glad that my sermon suited you,' replied the genial dominie, 'for I got part of that at your house, part came from Neighbor B—'s, and part from poor Mrs. C—, in whose sick room I spent an hour, and one hint in it came from your boy Frank, who rode by my house on "old gray" without any saddle or bridle. I picked up some of the best things in that discourse during an afternoon spent in pastoral visiting.'

Parson Honeywell was a shrewd man, and a faithful, godly pastor. He had not a great many books; and his family increased faster than his library. His Bible he had at his fingers' ends; it was his one great unexhausted storehouse of heavenly knowledge. But he also had a book of human knowledge second only to God's Word. In the forenoon he studied his Bible, and in the afternoon he sallied out with horse and buggy and studied his people. He rode with his eyes open, finding illustrations—like his Divine Master—from the birds of the air, the flowers of the field and the sower or ploughman by the wayside. His mind was on his sermon all the week. If he saw a farmer letting his team 'blow' under a roadside tree, he halted and had a chat with him. He observed the farmer's style of thought, gave him a few words of golden counsel and drove on, leaving the farmer something to think of and something to love his pastor for also. If he saw a boy on his way from school he took the lad into his buggy and asked him some questions which set the

youngster to studying his Bible when he got home. Parson Honeywell caught his congregation when they were young.

Deacon Goodgold was curious to know more about the way in which his minister had gathered up that last Sunday's sermon. 'Well, replied the parson, 'I was studying on the subject of trusting God in times of trial. First, I went to the fountain head, for my Bible never runs dry. I studied my text thoroughly, comparing scripture with scripture; I prayed over it; for a half hour of prayer is worth two hours of study, in getting light on the things of God. After I had put my heads and doctrinal points on paper I sallied out to find my practical observations among our congregation. I rode down to your house, and your wife told me her difficulties about the doctrine of assurance of faith. From there I went over to your neighbor B—'s house: he is terribly cut down since he failed in business. He told me that with the breaking down of his son's health, and his own break-down in the store he could hardly hold his head up, and he had begun to feel awfully rebellious towards his Heavenly Father. I gave him a word or two of cheer, and noted down just what his difficulties were. From his store I went to see poor Mrs. C.——, who is dying slowly by consumption. She showed me a favorite flower that she had put into her window sill to catch the sunshine, and said that her flower had been a daily sermon to her about keeping her soul in the sunshine of her Saviour's countenance. Her talk braced me up and gave me a good hint. Then I called on the Widow M——, who always needs a word of sympathy. Before I came away she told me that her daughter Mary could not exactly understand what it was to trust Christ, and was finding no peace, although she had been under deep conviction of sin for several weeks. I had her daughter called in and I drew from her all her points of difficulty; I read to her such texts of scripture as applied to her case, prayed with her, and then started for home. Your boy rode by my house on the old horse, who went along without any bridle, and stopped when he got to the bars that lead to the pasture.

'Before I went to bed I worked in all the material that I had gathered during the afternoon; and I studied out the solution to the difficulties of your wife and of your neighbor B—and of the troubled daughter of Widow M——, and I wove the answer to such doubts and difficulties in my sermon. The cheerful experiences of good Mrs. C.—— in her sick chamber helped me mightily, for faith in action is worth several pounds of it in theory. I went to my pulpit last Sunday pretty sure that my sermon would help three or four persons there, and if it would fit their cases I judged that it would fit thirty or forty more cases. For human nature is pretty much alike, and sometimes when I preach a discourse that comes home close to my own heart's wants, I take it for granted that it will come to plenty of other hearts in the congregation.'

'Yes, parson,' said the deacon, 'your sermons cut a pretty broad swath. I often feel "Thou art the man" when you hit some of my besettin' sins. I have often been wantin' to ask you why your sermon barrel has never giv' out, as poor Parson Scanty's barrel did before you came here. He always giv' us about the same sermon, and as I set away back by the door, it got to be mighty thin by the time it got to my pew.'

Parson Honeywell turned pleasantly to the deacon and said: 'I will tell you what the famous old Dr. Bellamy once said to a young minister who asked him how he should always have material for his sermons. The shrewd old doctor said: 'Young man, fill up the cask, fill up the cask, and then if you tap it anywhere you will get a full stream, but if you put in very little, it will dribble, dribble, and you may tap and tap and get precious little after all." I always get my people to help me fill up my cask. Good afternoon, deacon.'

Work in Labrador.

PROSPECTS AND PATIENTS.

Some idea of the variety of cases under the care of Dr. John Mason Little at St. Anthony's Hospital during the past winter may be gained from a letter by him recently published in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.' Dr. Grenfell, having been absent from the work during the whole winter on his lecturing tour through the United States and Canada, Dr. Little and Dr. Stewart have been in charge of the work centred at St. Anthony:

I have been trying to get time to do some writing on some interesting cases for the medical papers, writes Dr. Little, but have not been able to, so cannot get them done in time for the mail boat. Time seems to be one of the things we are shortest on up here. We are having great fun and considerable trouble breaking in five of last summer's pups to komatik work. Our old dogs, of whom we have fourteen, are all in splendid condition and crazy to go when they are let out, but so far we have only used five at a time for hauling round the place. We have a good deal of fresh meat for the winter, also vegetables, two hundred and twenty pounds of potatoes, some turnips and onions, three sides of beef, 'i.e.,' half animals, three deer, and five sheep, and a few hens and roosters; that is, of course, besides our live stock, which is a heterogeneous collection. We have a splendid big barn of two stories, built this summer, in which reside the pony, a bull, three cows, two calves, seven sheep, six hares, about thirty hens, and a couple of deer at a time, which last are changed every week. Then we have in another house nine goats; in other places twenty-five dogs, many pigeons, two silver foxes, two red foxes, three white foxes, a couple of cats, an eagle, and a canary.

In the hospital we have one woman from St. John's, the woman I went down to see, who returns cured next boat; a very pretty little girl of seven, just beginning to walk after a broken thigh, going home on next boat; a girl of twenty-two with tuberculosis of the spine and paralysis below the waist, gradually improving; she will probably stay all winter or go 'home for good.' In the men's ward we have a man going home this boat who had tuberculosis of the wrist-joint of seven years' standing—excision of joint. He has gained twenty pounds and can use his fingers and thumb, and is just beginning to get motion at the wrist, a very good result after a somewhat rare operation. Another of our patients is a man of fifty, one of the best and most versatile men on the coast, who five years ago had an operation on the scalp, and has been an invalid ever since. I removed the scalp from the back of his head and the upper part of his neck, then did a skin graft. He returns by next boat. Another is a lad of twenty-five, who was brought here with a temperature of 105 degrees, and had this temperature for three weeks; had three to five cold baths daily. We never made a sure diagnosis, but probably endocarditis. He returns well in every way. A young man with incipient consumption has been here a week and has gained three and a half pounds. A boy of sixteen with tuberculosis of the hip seems to be doing well. Later he will be put to bed with weights on his leg to straighten it, and then put in plaster. He will be here all winter. A young man of thirty has a sinus leading down to a piece of dead bone in the hip—an operation to be done. He lives twelve miles from here. There is a little boy five years old with double club feet. I put them straight three weeks ago by the Lorenz method, and for ten days he has been walking in his plaster for the first time. I am now engaged in making orthopedic apparatus for him, with Mr. Cushing, our engineer here, which will go on him in two weeks. He will be here all winter. He is very cunning. That is all I think.

I suppose the next two boats will bring more, and as soon as the komatik going is better we shall begin getting patients from the Straits and down the west coast. Three operative cases are waiting to be admitted, but I will not let them in till I see what comes on these last mail boats. We cannot stretch our numbers now that the weather is getting cold. The above somewhat professional account is written for those who may be interested in hearing about some of the cases.

Last night was the first calm night for some time, and being 10 degrees below zero the harbor froze over completely. I am about to cross it in skiis to go to the post office to get a money order to pay for some books I ordered and which came by last mail—medical books. It was lucky the last schooner got in yesterday. She would not get in to-day. Of course the ice makes no difference to the mail boat, she just smashes into it, and everybody goes out on dog teams and walks aboard. That is great fun, and the various dog fights are exciting—very noisy and at times exasperating.

You should see the fog rising from the water up here on a morning like this; and the sun rising through it turns everything a rose color, and the big 'White Hills' behind us a deep red—really wonderful.

Religious News.

Seven young Chinese women graduated recently from the medical college of the Presbyterian Board at Canton. The Taotai, or mayor of the city, was present and delivered an address which closed with the wish, 'May you female students all pluck up your courage!' No doubt they will do this, all over China. It is a new day for that old empire when Chinese women physicians from Christian missionary institutions are sent forth to their professional work with the official approval of their rulers.

William Taylor, of world-wide fame, preceded Bishop Hartzell as Bishop of Africa. He engaged in forty years of devoted service, twelve of them being in the dark continent. Bishop Hartzell's introduction to Africa, twelve years ago, was fortunate. Under Bishop Hartzell's leadership the work has been greatly enlarged, until now 6 centers are occupied in 500,000 square miles of territory, among which are 10,000,000 of pagans and Mohammedans. A leading London magazine has called it the largest diocese in the world. These 6 districts include Liberia, that negro republic so closely related to the United States, over which the Rev. Isaiah Scott, also a Methodist missionary bishop of Africa, presides; Portuguese Angola, a plateau country inhabited by the intelligent Kimbundu and other Bantu tribes; the Madeira Islands, 'The Pearl of the Portuguese Crown,' Portuguese East Africa; British Rhodesia, where Anglo-Saxon government and the Christian Church are working together for the uplift of the native races; and Algiers, where dwell the keen and strong Mohammedan whites.

Recently a wedding was performed in the First Methodist Church here, the contracting parties of which were both Coreans. The groom is the director of the Educational Bureau of Corea, and the bride the daughter of the Governor of Chemulpo. Many prominent men and women were present. The dividing curtain between the men and the women was down its full length for the first time in the history of Corea. Among the higher-class guests present was a prince who sat beside his wife, one of the ladies-in-waiting at the palace. Truly, it is startling to think of the contrast between the Corea of twenty years ago and the Corea of to-day. There sat many ladies who had always been so carefully nurtured and so completely secluded that one naturally thought it must be a frightful ordeal for them. Yet seemingly it was not so, for they chatted and laughed and seemed to feel as much at home in the gaze of the world as do their Western sisters. Hail to the new Corea!—'World-Wide Missions.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND

Received for the launch:—Robt. McSimont, $5.00; Union Sunday School, Peel, N.B., $2.00; M. D. P., Vancouver, $5.00; Mrs. H. Barnes, Port Arthur, Ont., $2.16; Total .. ..$ 14.16

Received for the cots:—E. R. H., Broadview, Sask.. .. ..$ 1.00

Previously on hand for all purposes.. .. ..$ 363.62

Total on hand May 18.. .. ..$ 378.78

We have also received from Mrs. D. McKenzie, Trenville, Alta., the sum of $5.00 for the fishermen's institute in St. John's, Nfld.

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 1909.

Heroes of Faith.

Heb. xi., 1-3; 17-29. Memory verses 24, 25. Read Heb. xi., 1-40.

Golden Text.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Heb. xi., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 7.—Heb. [illegible], 1-12.

Tuesday, June 8.—Heb. xi., 13-31.

Wednesday, June 9.—Heb. xi., 32-40.

Thursday, June 10.—Neh. ii., 1-20.

Friday, June 11.—Dan. vi., 1-10.

Saturday, June 12.—Heb. xii., 1-13.

Sunday, June 13.—Rom. viii., 31-39.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who can tell me the title of our lesson? Yes, that's right. Now who can tell me what a hero is? A brave man—a man who fights—a man who isn't afraid of anything—you say. Well yes, a hero is brave and he often has to fight, not always fight people, but there are a great many things that a hero does have to fight. I'm not so sure about his not being afraid of anything; some heroes are all the more heroes because they did what they thought they ought to in spite of really being afraid. But we won't stop to talk about that now; I see you know about what it means to be a hero. Now who can tell me what faith is? That is a little harder to explain. What do you think faith is, Will? It's believing in God, you say. Yes, believing in God is faith, but faith is more than that. Two Sundays ago we were studying what James had to say about faith, and you will remember that he said faith was more than just 'believing,' it was 'doing' as well. Why do we need to have faith in God? Do you need to have faith that I am here talking to you? Of course not, because you can see me. Do you need to have faith that the moon is a great big globe instead of just the little round ball it looks like to you? Yes, because you can't see how big it is but other men have looked through big telescopes and found how far it is away from us and we believe them when they tell us that it is really a great big sort of world something like our own only not quite so big. Then we can't see the several little eyes that really lie between the two great big eyes on a fly's head, or the eyes that a spider carries on its side, they are too small for us to see, but other men have looked through powerful microscopes and seen them, so we believe what they tell us. There are a great many things all about us that our eyes can't possibly see, because they are not made for seeing them, but still we believe about them when we hear about them. We have to have faith because we can't have sight. But our lesson tells about 'heroes of faith'—do you think we ever have to be brave about believing things? Why, of course we do. Just suppose you have a tooth that is aching and mother says, 'You had better go to the dentist, dear, and have it pulled out. The toothache will stop then.' You 'know' that it will hurt to have it pulled out, and how do you know that the pain you are suffering now will stop just if you have a tooth pulled out? Why, mother tells you so, and you believe her, so when she says, 'Just be brave about it, and go at once,' you pull your courage together if you really are going to be brave about it, and not a coward, and off you go. You are being brave in a matter of faith. Of course, it is just a little thing and not worth being called a hero over, but let us see what big things the people in our lesson to-day had to do to be called heroes.

FOR THE SENIORS.

To-day's lesson is a fit study to follow that of two weeks ago, for while it is an imperative call for faith 'without which no man can see God,' in every case cited by the writer the faith justified itself in action. Abraham's faith, truly, 'was counted unto him for righteousness' but it was faith that led him to the supreme limits of obedience and devotion, and so with all the other cases cited. The reason for the placing of this lesson and the two earlier from James in the position they hold in the year's study, seems to be that they are a fitting conclusion to the study of the church's earliest expansion among those of the Hebrew faith. The rejection of Christianity by the Jews at Antioch (Acts xiii., 45, 46), while it was typical of the nation's rejection and turned Paul's later energies to work among the Gentiles, was not universal; there were many heroic Christians among the Hebrew converts, and so important were they that they were worthy of the production of two such books as the epistle of James to the 'twelve tribes scattered abroad,' and this generally designated as 'to the Hebrews.' There is no certainty as to the authorship of this epistle; early tradition had it that it was from the pen of Paul, and it is so designated in the King James's version, but the style being so markedly different from the many other writings of St. Paul, it is generally believed now that he was not the author, and many ascribe the epistle to Luke. There are other conjectures, but as a matter of fact, no possibility of any certainty. The book itself is one of the most powerful contained in the Bible, and the church to-day is profoundly grateful to the unknown author who so clearly sets forth the fulfilment of Jewish beliefs and prophecies in the facts of Christ's life and offices, and the great truths of the Christian religion.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Faith and Reason.—In all prophetic things, trust thy faith before thy reason. Reason is against the migration of swallows; reason is against the labor of the bee; it would be easy to demonstrate, from reason, that both were in a delusion. Yet the swallow has proved right; the bee has proved right—right by instinct. Thou, too, hast an instinct, my brother; it is called faith. Reason has taken many of thine instincts away. But she has left thee this one—the prophetic power of the bee. To thee, as to the swallow, God has given an impulse of unrest—a necessity to migrate toward skies thou hast not seen. To thee, as to the bee, God has given the impulse to seek a tabernacle of which thou hast no experience—the dwelling place of the Most High. Faith is thine evidence of things not seen.—George Matheson, in 'Times of Retirement.'

Faith and Life.—When you fall asleep you go out of consciousness with an abiding faith in something or Somewhat, that you will return to consciousness with the new day. You would not dare to close your eyes in slumber this night, if you mistrusted that the machinery of your bodies would stop before the morning light. You would force yourself into wakefulness by torture and by terror, day after day and night after night, until your wills at last succumbed to nature. Take out faith in the safety of helpless sleep, and the human race will become a pandemonium of madmen. So I might go through all the processes of living, and find faith at every step. If you must reason before the trusting you will die before you reach your conclusions. You live by faith. The processes of living are mainly faith in the Divine Preserver and in the uniformity of His law.—J. P. D. John, in 'Signs of God.'

Verse 26. 'The recompense of reward.' He who believes in a future life is a citizen of two worlds. He moves in this, but his highest thought and inspiration are fixed on the future. To such a person, what takes place here and now is not unimportant, but it is infinitely less important than what shall take place hereafter. He looks upon his life here as but a preparation for the life to come. His experiences here, whether of joy, or of sorrow, are of value to him only as they enable him the better to meet the everlasting demands of the life after death. He is not indifferent to the rewards which may come in this world to industry, endeavor and opportunity, but failure, illness, poverty, abuse—what do these amount to, to a man who believes he is to enjoy the sublime privileges of eternity? He measures everything by the infinite. Wealth, luxury, power, distinction—he may not despise these, but he looks upon them as being but temporary, mere delights given as tests of his character.—'Wall Street Journal.'

All that I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—Emerson.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 13.—Topic—The power of Christ's love. Rom. viii., 31-39.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, June 7.—The mother of us all. Gen. iii., 18-25.

Tuesday, June 8.—Sarah — obedience. I. Pet. iii., 1-6.

Wednesday, June 9.—Ruth — trustfulness. Ruth ii., 1-12.

Thursday, June 10.—Mary — spirituality. Luke ii., 46-55.

Friday, June 1.—Martha—service. Luke x., 38-42.

Saturday, June 12.—Mary—worship. John xii., 1-9.

Sunday, June 13.—Topic—The noble life of Frances Willard. Prov. xxxi., 10, 17-20, 25, 26, 29-31.

Blessing and Banning.

(Harriet Prescott Spofford, in the 'Christian Age.')

An old Venetian proverb says
A curse goes round the world, and then
Returns within the sender's heart,
And makes him wretchedest of men.

But for the kindly thought and wish
For other fate the saying gives:
Though curse be breath, and curser dust,
The happy benediction lives.

The uttered blessing—runs the word—
Has something of immortal strength,
Piercing the last of seven great walls
To reach the chosen soul at length.

For blessing, which is spoken love,
Is faithful to its lofty birth,
And brings the power and light and life
Of Heaven itself to fill the earth!

Summer Sunday Schools.

In not a few places throughout Canada, new Sunday Schools are being formed just about this time to keep open for five or six months—or until the cold weather sets in. Many of our readers know just such a school. Will you not pass on to one of the workers in that school, this copy of the 'Northern Messenger,' marking this item?

We want every Sunday School worker in Canada to know the 'Northern Messenger,' to know that they can make a three weeks' trial of it, in their school AT OUR expense. All that is necessary is for some responsible person, the Pastor, Superintendent or Secretary, to send us on a postcard the number of copies he would like to have to distribute each Sunday, stating where they are to be sent and that it is to be on our 'three weeks' free trial' basis. We will promptly send on the desired supply for three consecutive weeks, with absolutely no charge, whether the school decides to take the 'Messenger' subsequently, on or to leave it. We believe the 'Messenger' can win its own way and we take all the risk, for we are convinced that for the average Canadian Sunday School, particularly where there is a mixed element coming from several denominations, there is no paper that will give such general satisfaction both to old and young as the 'Northern Messenger.'

Then the price is so low. In packages of ten or over to one address it costs only twenty cents a year per copy (just half the regular subscription price. Five cents per copy will secure as many as desired each week for three months. Tell your friends about the 'Messenger' and you will be doing them a genuine kindness. All enquiries should be addressed to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

There are four new members to be added to the list this week:—Margie Rose, L., P.E.I.; Nina I. Hickey, P. W., N.B.; Lulu Millard, V., Ont., and Ada Poapst, N. S., Ont., all of whom are very heartily welcomed.

O., Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I am an English girl, 10 years old last Christmas. We are glad that spring is coming with warm weather and the pretty wild flowers. The crocuses are coming into bloom. We gathered a few on Good Friday. In England now they will have had lots of primroses and sweet-smelling violets. We do not find either of those in Canada, nor the Lenten lilies (or single daffodils) which are generally in bloom for Easter to decorate the churches there. There are lots of wild flowers here that do not grow in England, but we miss the large trees and green hedges, also the grass is green there nearly all the year. Fruit, too, we grew lots of there, and do so miss it. Father has planted some apples and currant trees to see if they will grow here.

ETHEL HEMUS.

[Yes, Ethel, the prairies must seem very different to the country in England, but we hope you will like Canada very much in time. Ed.]

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It has been a long time since I wrote to you before. I am joining the Royal League of Kindness, and I am sending my pledge with this letter. I think it is very nice and will try to keep it. I go to the Methodist Church and I studied the Ten Commandments, Lord's Prayer, Twenty-third Psalm, Twelve Apostles, and all the books in the Old and New Testaments. I received a nice certificate.

ROSELYN MARGARET DAVIDSON.

T. C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—My father and mother are deaf and dumb. They are well educated and I can interpret for them. I have one sister and one brother and we can all hear and talk. I am the oldest boy. We all go to school about a mile from home. I am in the Fourth Book, and my sister Jennie is in the Third Book, and Frank is the youngest. He is in the First Book. My father owns a small farm. I will close with a riddle: Why is a policeman like a balloon.

GRANT H. McMACKIN.

A., Que.

Dear Editor,—We have two cats, a big one and a little one. The little one runs after the old mother and bites her tail, and the old one jumps up in the air. They often have fights, and the little one hides and jumps up on her mother's back and scares her. I have two certificates which I got for the memorizing of scripture. We have a curling rink out in our field. I take singing lessons from my cousin twice a week, and my oldest brother takes singing lessons also.

HARLAND C. ROWAT.

W. S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We live in a beautiful valley surrounded by the Cobequid Mountains. It is a very pretty place in summer. My mother is a dressmaker, and my father is out in Klondike. I live with my grandpa and grandma, and go to school every day.

BERTIE O'BRIEN.

C., Que.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for sixteen years. My eldest sister took it. Then my eldest brother. Now my youngest brother, and mother says that next year if I live she will send for it in my name. I enjoy reading the letters and little folks' page. I go to school every day. Sometimes in winter it is very cold, starting out about half past eight in the morning. We drive, my brother and I, we have to start early as we live over two miles from school.

HELENA M. DOBBIE.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years of age and go to the Continuation Class at C. I also attend the Anglican Sunday School. My brother has been taking your paper for about four years and we are very fond of it. I live on a farm about a mile out of C. and am very fond of skating and coasting. We have a skating rink here every winter and also hockey players. I once visited Montreal and saw your office. I am sending in my pledge with this letter and wish the League every success. I will close with a riddle: Why is a married man like a candle?

BELLA RIVINGTON.

R., Que.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to you before. But I love to read the correspondence. I have two brothers and three sisters. My father is a member of Parliament. We have had great times sliding this winter. I am going to a party to-day. I was quite sick last summer and have not begun to go to school yet, but I am going pretty soon. We don't live very far from the school house. Our school burnt down once and they built it up again. It is a fine brick building now.

GLADYS HUNT.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Giraffe.' Harper F. Wells, K., Ont.
2. 'A Robin.' Carrie Sobey (age 15), P., N.B.
3. 'Have a Taste.' Jennie A. Markell (age 13), S. L., Ont.
4. 'A Flower.' Violet Sims (age 9), M. R., P.Que.
5. 'A Head.' Bessie Stewart (age 14), S. D., Ont.
6. 'Our Clock.' Lucy May Cressey (age 7), L. M., Que.
7. 'A Pear.' Mildred Clark, B., Sask.
8. 'Going Fishing.' Harris Hutchison, C., N.B.
9. 'A Flower.' Beatrice Sims (age 11), M. R., P.Que.
10. 'A Scene.' E. C. Ball (age 13), V. H., Ont.
11. 'A Tumbler.' Irene Trafford (age 10), D., Ont.
12. 'A Robin.' C. McMillan, D., Ont.
13. 'A Squirrel.' Willie Green.
14. 'Flowers.' Roselyn M. Davidson (age 9), M., Ont.
15. 'My Play House.' Catherine Kincaid (age 15), Toronto.
16. 'Engine.' Francis Theodore Fraser (age 15), Montreal.
17. 'A Looking Glass.' Sam Wiggins, K., Ont.
18. 'Our Church.' Arvilla Hil., B., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Margie Rose, L., P.E.I., and Nina I. H., P. W., N.B., two R. L. K. members, write letters with their pledges. Margie says 'It is a very pretty place where my father's mill is situated.' Nina, too, is proud of her home. 'We live on a nice farm. We have a little orchard and grow quite a lot of apples.'

Louisa and Laurie Kerr, H., Ont., both write little letters. Louisa's is very short. Laurie says 'When we have a big rain storm our fields are all flooded because the city ditch runs through our place. Sometimes the water rises so high that it runs over the roads.' You sent no answer with your riddle, Laurie, so we could not publish it.

Edward Grossenbacker, G., Ont., sends in a piece of poetry which we hope to publish some time.

We also received short letters from Wyla Miller, P., Alta., who joins our circle for the first time, from C. McMillan, D., Ont., who has 'a good time at school playing ball and other games,' and from Claretta E. Ball, V. H., Ont., who has 'lots of fun in the summer.'

Our Country's Emblem.

Our readers (individuals or schools) who have been working for a flag, but were prevented from getting one in time for Empire Day, may still secure one now and have it ready for Dominion Day.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Misses at School.

There was once a school
Where the mistress, Miss Rule,
Taught a number of misses that vexed her;
Miss Chief was the lass
At the head of the class,
And young Miss Demeanor was next her.

Poor little Miss Hap
Spilled the ink in her lap,
And Miss Fortune fell under the table;
Miss Conduct they all
Did a Miss Creant call,
But Miss State declared this a fable.

Miss Lay lost her book,
And Miss Lead undertook
To show her the place where to find it;
But upon the wrong nail
Had Miss Place hung her veil,
And Miss Deed hid the book safe behind it.

They went on very well,
As I have heard tell,
Till Miss Take brought in Miss Understanding;
Miss Conjecture then guessed
Evil things of the rest,
And Miss Counsel advised their disbanding.

—Selected.

An Oak-leaf Crown.

(Mabel Earle, in 'Forward.')

(Concluded.)

'What I did! I didn't do much. I let the doctors do.'

'Did it hurt?'

'Does it signify?' Tracy flashed back, with an echo of her tone, exactly like his old boyish mimicry. 'Little boys mustn't cry. After a while I could sit up, and read a little bit every day, and do things, a little.'

'What did you do?'

'Oh! Well, at first it was in the hospital; and there was a fellow upstairs in the Clifton ward, that had been hurt pretty much as I was, and liked to have me go up there—and they let me take the mandolin, and he'd lie there and sing college songs. And then one of the young surgeons asked me if I'd go along with him to his boys' club, down in one of the slum parts—that was when I was a lot better, of course; and I said I'd go, because he was a nice chap, and he would have it that he really wanted me. I got to liking it pretty well, down there. They were little chaps, you know, and up to all sorts of didos; and they took to me pretty well because I could show them tricks and keep them amused, I reckon. But I couldn't be down there without seeing things. That's where I saw the answer.'

'What was it, Tracy?'

'Oh, it's in the Book! Go and look it up! I couldn't figure on it as steadily as I'd have liked to, because I'm not good for more than three or four hours a day yet, sitting up. By-and-by, they say I can have more. I'm stretching it a little bit now for commencement, because, of course, I'm in the class. But I can see two or three steps ahead, by this time. It's a pretty good road; fair wheeling, I guess I'll say.'

'Which way does it turn?'

'You won't tell?' The first trace of self-consciousness came across the boy's bright, brave face. All the boys at the Academy told secrets to Mildred; but Tracy hesitated yet a moment.

'Of course, I don't mind your knowing. But I haven't talked about it yet, with anyone but that young surgeon chap; not even Uncle Keith. They might try to discourage me, because they'd think it wasn't the thing—but Dr. Lloyd says it can be done if I've got the grit to stay by it. And if the fellows knew, they'd talk it up just to encourage me, and there'd be something about that that I couldn't stand, any way, at all! But if you won't tell'—

'Of course—I can't do—what I used to think about—Parliament maybe, and all that. Most likely I never could have done it. But you see—I reckon this thing was better to happen to me than to most any other boy in school; because—well, it doesn't make quite so much difference if I can't make a lot of money. And Dr. Lloyd says if I'll work it up, slow and easy, I can read law, a little bit at a time; and his father'll fix it so I can work in his office, just a few hours every day—because he'll understand it can be but a few hours, you see. And, by-and-by, I can be admitted to the bar, if I can pass—and I reckon I can. And then Lloyd's shown me how much a fellow can do that will go down there and help those folks on those streets, that are being ground down into the earth by men that have the upper hand—just because the others are too ignorant to know the law, and too poor to hire a lawyer to fight for them. You see, I could help—if it wasn't but for a few hours a day; it would be something.'

The brave voice stopped, half breathless with the intense feeling behind it. Mildred could supply all the rest that the broken sentences had left unsaid—the agony of the young soul that found itself set apart suddenly from life, and health, and the years of splendid manhood which had seemed so full of promise; the slow groping in the darkness, and the finding of the answer at last. Something tightened across her throat as she listened. Her own words came back to her, 'If God and Tracy Gordon together don't make something splendid out of even a wheel-chair life.'

'Mildred!' called a teacher's voice from the table; and she rose, with the finished crown in her hands.

'I will leave it with you,' she said, trying to laugh, though her voice shook again. 'You know—what we said it meant'—and she dropped the crown on his head.

Maritza's Escape.

(Mrs. A. B. Bryant, in the 'Child's Hour.')

'Look! look! look!' cried little Maritza.

The missionary and his wife turned their faces in the direction in which the child's frightened eyes were gazing, and their own grew wide with fear and horror. Down from the high, almost mountainous hills to the right were riding a band of horsemen, plainly to be seen, though as yet they were fifteen or twenty minutes away. There were gullies to be crossed and slippery steeps where the horses must pick their way carefully before the robbers could reach the little missionary band which seemed to be their prey. But what help could come in that?

'I'm afraid!' sobbed the little Armenian girl, cowering in the path-way. Her father and mother had given her to the missionaries to be brought up in their mission school, at least for a time, till she could learn something about Jesus. Oh, they had had to beg hard for little Maritza!

'Perhaps we can find some cave to creep into!' suggested some of the party, tremblingly. But they searched and found none.

The fierce riders were coming nearer every moment. Sometimes they sank out of sight in some hollow, but soon came out to view, and Maritza fancied she could hear their shouts and the cries to the horses.

'We can pray!' at last said the missionary calmly. 'Since there is nothing we can do, we will expect help that way.'

There in the rugged mountain road they all fell on their knees and told their heavenly Father of their danger and their helplessness and asked him to put a shielding arm about them. They did not even try to think how he 'could' save them—there seemed to be no way. But they knew that God has many ways of helping, and it is not at all necessary for us to know about them beforehand.

By and by, little Maritza opened her eyes, and she cried out again, not at what she saw, but at what she didn't see! In that far-away country great, white, drifting mists will gather suddenly, sometimes, with almost no warning whatever, and perhaps they last for hours. As Maritza looked she saw nothing but a thick white wall of fog all about them, growing thicker every instant, and shutting them in like a thick gray-white blanket.

'Thank God! Thank God! We are saved!' cried the missionaries, for they knew what this meant. It was safety for them, and complete hiding from their enemies. The terrible mountain men could never find them, and as fast as possible they would grope their way back to the hills. As for the missionaries, they knew well a searching party would be on the way to meet them as soon as the fog lifted.

'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.'—Golden Text. Psa. xxxiv., 7.

BOYS! MONEY FOR YOU!

and

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'Misery Sauce.'

A clever woman, in what she calls, 'The Foolish Woman's Cook Book,' has recently given a receipt for 'misery sauce,' which some girls use already, but which they may not know under that name. She says:—

Take 1 set of feelings (parboiled).
1 lb. envy.
1 lb. egotism.
1 qt. tears.
1 teaspoonful being misunderstood.
2 qts. selfishness.

Mix the feelings as fine as possible. Stir in the envy thoroughly. Then add the egotism, which must be very strong, as much of the success of the sauce depends upon a woman's never thinking of anyone but herself. Put in the tears drop by drop to spread them out as much as possible, and mix in the flavor of misunderstanding while things are hot. Saturate the mixture thoroughly with selfishness, and set away in the mind to ferment. Those who enjoy being unhappy should always keep this in the house. It can be applied like a salad dressing to any kind of circumstances.'—Selected.

An Automobile Disclosure.

(Sophie Swett, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'Some one must tell her that unless she stops putting on airs and talking continually about herself we can't have her!' said the president positively. She pushed back her pompadour, and looked weary and worn as she said this.

The president was Elizabeth Mifflin, a girl with a finely developed social instinct, as well as a thirst for knowledge—a somewhat uncommon combination, and one that gave her great influence at the Brithwood Collegiate School for Young Ladies.

'It's a wonder that she condescends to wish to belong to a club,' said Sylvia Crombie, her bright blue eyes as round as O's. 'It must have been the ridiculous name that attracted her. I almost wish we hadn't called ourselves the "Upper Tens."'

'Every one knows that it's just for fun, and because we mean to be frivolous and as unlike the Blue Stocking Club as possible,' said Perley French, who wore glasses and had a wrinkled, responsible, high forehead, and really cared more for a good time than for anything else. 'But that girl—why, she would spoil everything!'

'Sh! Sh!' murmured the president, for 'that girl' had just gone out of the Lloyd girls' sitting-room, where the new club was holding a preparatory conference.

But she was not within hearing, for she

had gone straight down-stairs and away,—she was a day-pupil,—her red head carried even higher than its wont and an aggressive mouth pursed even more aggressively than usual. There was color, too, in her ordinarily pale face. She had expected the Upper Tens to be delighted, and they were not!

They had said that her application would be considered along with the others!

'It would do her good to hear. It would save some one the trouble of telling her,' said Sylvia almost savagely.

'Why can't we simply blackball her and be done with it?' said fastidious Sarah Endicott.

'Because when we planned a club simply for good times we agreed that it shouldn't give any one a bad time, and that it should help people if we could make it,' said the president.

'A lot it will help people if we let Blanid Foyle get into it!' exclaimed Sylvia sharply. 'She only wants an audience to hear about mamma's tapestries and mamma's point-lace, and how mamma's wonderful taste decorated rooms in barracks-y places. I believe her father "was" an army officer, though you can't tell——'

'O Sylvia!' murmured a reproachful chorus.

'You know we all thought the Foyles were adventurers, at first,' said Sylvia stoutly. 'She talked so much as if she were pretending something! She kept saying that she was about to come out when they left Baltimore, when she was a perfect little savage, and her aunt had told Dr. Pettingill, when Blanid had that nervous fever, that what ailed the girl was isolation, her mother was so queer they had never known a soul!'

'It doesn't seem as if she could ever have gone to school or had a governess, either,' said the president reflectively.

'She's at least a century behind the times.'

'A century—she's mediaeval!' said Sylvia. 'If she has read a book, it's some commonplace, old-fashioned thing; and she begins at the beginning and tells it to you, almost word for word, and you can't get a word in edgewise——'

'Hard for you, Syl!' laughed Minna Gage.

'I know I like to talk,' said Sylvia with a deepened flush, 'but I hope I know enough to talk about mutually interesting things, and not to think that Sylvia Crombie and her small doings can fill anybody's universe!'

'You've had a better chance, Sylvia,' said Alice Towne quietly. 'I've heard that an idea of self-importance grows immensely in isolation.'

'Yes, and she has an intense desire for the social position that she has never had,' said the president meditatively. 'I read in a clever book the other day that social position was like the nose on your face; if it's there, you never think of it; but if it isn't!

'And her talk of her work in the Mission School fits in so queerly with this continual suggestion of social smartness!' Sylvia broke in again. 'There's a kind of mystic, mediaeval pietism about her that you can't call religion.'

'O Sylvia, don't let's judge about those things,' said Rhoda Norcross earnestly. Rhoda was not a girl who was ever thought to be religious herself, either.

'Well, there was the time she just posed for us to see the children hang around her and hug her at the Mission School. She talks all the time of how much they think of her. And—I'll own I can't see anything good about that girl—you know it was she who got Miss Wentworth discharged because she presumed to correct her essay in a way she didn't like. Miss Wentworth did make blunders, and it was trying; but the rest of us bore it because Miss Wentworth had her old father and mother to support, and was all worn out. There's no sentiment about Miss Blanid Foyle except sentiment for herself.'

'Sylvia, dear, you are bitter,' said the president softly.

'But isn't it true?' demanded Sylvia. And every head in the room was nodded, more or less emphatically. 'And she doesn't come up here to the school except in recitation-hours. If you were a day-pupil, too, like me, and lived on the next street, and had her coming to see you continually, to talk and talk! You know our living-room is large; and in one corner my sister Ethelinda goes to sleep, and wakes again, with Blanid's talk still going on and on, and Aunt Rebecca slips out, and tells me afterwards that she feels as if she had been under the town pump. And with all the pettiness and vanity and false pretension that forces you to despise her she has taken lately to being instructive; has a little air of preaching. And I wouldn't bear it, only I've been so afraid I should fairly blaze out at her. You know if you have a temper it makes you meek, in a way——'

'We never thought you were suffering from that quality, Syl!' came in a giggle from the girls.

But Syl had defenders.

'I know just what you mean!' said Ruth Lovejoy. 'One does bear for fear of letting one's self go too far! And I don't think the Upper Tens ought to let themselves be handicapped at the start by a girl who at the best is an insufferable bore. Let's blackball her and be done with it, as Sarah says.'

'I say give her a chance!' said Rhoda Norcross quickly.

Rhoda never despaired of any one. She said it was because she 'realized herself.'

'We'll put it to vote,' said the president.

The vote showed a majority of three in favor of giving Blanid Foyle a chance.

'Then,' said the president, 'some one must

BLANID DASHED INTO THE STREET.

delicately but firmly make her understand that a club is not an institution for the glorification of one, but for the sharing of ideas and experiences and good times. Any one can see that nothing could be better than a good club for Blanid Foyle. Who will do it? You, Alice?'

But gentle, tactful, wisely human Alice Towne shook her head decidedly.

'There's only one way—to draw lots;' said Perley French. 'That leaves the matter to Providence in a way, and you do feel the need of a special providence if you're going to try to help Blanid Foyle!'

There was a dead, apprehensive silence as the secretary prepared a little bunch of slips of paper, one for each member of the club. On one paper Alice Clay, the artist of the club, had hastily sketched a head; any one would have recognized Blanid Foyle's head, tousled pompadour, aggressive mouth, and 'tip-tilted' nose.

The girl who drew the sketch from the papers in the secretary's hand must perform the unpleasant duty of telling Miss Blanid Foyle 'delicately' that her ego must be subdued before she could become one of the Upper Tenners.

There was a hush in the room as breathless as if the fate of nations depended upon the drawing. Every one except those girls themselves was hoping that the lot would fall to Alice Towne or Rhoda Norcross or to the president, whose social tact was unquestionable.

Sylvia was the fourth to draw, and after she had drawn the proceedings came to an end, for the strip of paper with the sketch upon it was in her hand.

Sylvia of all girls! Some of the club looked simply relieved; some laughed; some looked deeply troubled; there are always such varieties of human nature to be found where there are fourteen girls.

It was always understood that the drawing of lots was a finality. The girl chosen by destiny must not even complain. But there was blank dismay upon Sylvia's face, and tears rushed to her eyes.

'I can't make her understand; she sees things so differently from other people,' she faltered.

'And she has exasperated me so that I can't be sympathetic. You can't be sympathetic when you feel superior, and I can't help feeling superior to Blanid Foyle.'

'"And the lot did fall on Jon-i-ah;
O Lord, send me li-ight!'

Minna Gage sang with only half-mocking fervor.

'I know you won't hurt her any more than you can help,' said the president more cheerfully than she felt. She wished that the lot had fallen to almost any girl rather than to Sylvia—downright, outspoken Sylvia, with her hatred of shams.

Inwardly she echoed Sarah Endicott's assertion: 'It's as bad—or as good—as blackballing her to have Sylvia for an emissary. This club will never be bothered with her.'

Sylvia procrastinated, a very unusual thing for her. It was within a day of the next weekly meeting of the club when she set out in the late afternoon for the pretentious, old-fashioned house, with uncared-for, once elaborate grounds, where Blanid Foyle lived with her aunt.

Blanid had gone out on an errand to the village, and Sylvia overtook and walked along with her.

'I'm—I'm a messenger from the Upper Ten Club,' Sylvia said, plunging in desperately. They——'

'I hope they understand that I never form intimacies,' interrupted the other girl quickly. 'I've just had a letter from an old friend who admired mamma so much. My sister is a great beauty, too. I think she is the most beautiful creature I ever saw except her own child.'

Sylvia had been shown several times a photograph of the sister, a commonplace little woman, slightly less plain than Blanid, with a coarse-featured, large-eyed little girl. 'I only care for congenial people; I hope the girls understand that. I went to see some people who used to live next door to us. The woman was an invalid, and I wanted to help her. But it was hard for me. I think they only cared for me because of my social position. Whether the pitcher goes to the stone or the stone to the pitcher it is always the pitcher that suffers. But my mission children are dear! I do so love children!'

'Does she? or is it only a pose like the

rest?' reflected Sylvia while the weak chatter went on and on.

Two or three times Sylvia made a futile effort to stem the ceaseless tide of vain-glorious talk. How was one to tell this self-satisfied little being that the girls could not fellowship her unless she reformed?

Sylvia observed, half-absently, a small colored boy with a little hand-cart in the middle of the street. He was apparently carrying home a weekly washing, and had perched his sister, a mite of happy humanity, upon the bundle in the cart. Dashing around the corner came an automobile, which the boy, his back turned for the moment, did not see.

Sylvia and other women screamed. Blanid Foyle dashed into the street, thrust the dazed boy and the cart out of the way, and was knocked down by the automobile.

In scarcely more than a breathing-space it had all happened. The frightened, crying children picked themselves up unharmed; a crowd collected, as if out of space, as crowds will do; and Blanid was taken up unconscious.

Sylvia went with her in the ambulance that carried her home. Her aunt was a collapsing woman; and Sylvia sent word to her own home, and stayed with Blanid.

The doctors were grave over a fracture of the thigh-bone. She would be lamed for life.

'Don't—don't cry! I'm so glad I saved the children!' she said, looking wistfully into Sylvia's face. The operation was over, and she had come to herself weak and white but peaceful. 'It didn't cost too much to save them; don't you think it did! I'm small anyway. I've heard the girls say so. But perhaps small things go when great things come; some philosopher says that. I know that if you girls do think I'm ignorant and uncultivated—O, yes, you do! I—I've had hard things in my life—more than you know. Sometimes people—proud people—try too hard not to show that, and—and make mistakes. Mamma was—was a very poor girl when she married papa, and she wouldn't let herself be put down by papa's mother; she just determined to be like—like what grandmamma was, and more—more exclusive. It was pretty hard sometimes, but we never—never let ourselves drop out and do things like poor people. By myself—well, I think I might have cared only for children and to live simply. But I've done as I was brought up.'

'Then you were brought up to be brave!' interrupted Sylvia, for the doctor had said the patient must not talk. 'May I bring the girls to see you? And I know they'll—they'll wish you to do us the honor of joining the club.'

Sylvia's voice shook with feeling.

The old, disagreeable, aggressive look came around the girl's mouth.

'I—I don't know about the club. I don't care to form intimacies—' she began. Then suddenly she looked into Sylvia's tear-wet face, and her own changed, softening wonderfully. 'Ask the girls to come,' she said gently. 'But—I don't want their feelings to be hurt; tell them I sha'n't mind the crutches at all.'

From her full heart Sylvia poured out the story upon the Upper Ten Club.

For a while not a girl spoke. Then Sarah Endicott was heard to murmur,

'Human nature is very complex!'

'Mine doesn't seem to be so,' said Sylvia shortly. 'I was simply a coward! It didn't even occur to me to do anything, while she risked her life. And the fine impulse wasn't all; she is so strong and brave now. I don't believe there is one of us, not one, who would bear being crippled as she is bearing it.'

'I think we'd better vote to admit her without conditions,' said the president dryly; 'and maybe we'd better not have "Noblesse oblige" for the club motto, after all. How would it do to have "To understand is to forgive"?'

'Thumbs.'

'Sorry, my lad, but you won't suit!'

Philip Dalton, with an air of reluctance, left the desk of the venerable merchant to make way for the next of a number of applicants, all of whom were eager for the coveted position.

'Won't suit!' he echoed, as, in passing out through the general office, he was confronted by a large mirror. 'A bit of farce, too,' he muttered, as he recollected one clause of the advertisement: 'Applicants must be of respectable appearance.'

The bump of self-esteem was by no means undeveloped in Phil Dalton, and he drew himself up to his full height as he chuckled: '"Respectable appearance," eh?' at the same time taking in a full survey of his dignified form, which, from the carefully parted hair to the highly polished footwear, proclaimed him every inch a gentleman.

'My appearance is not at fault, certainly. What's the trouble, then? Mr. McKinnon complimented my fine penmanship, so that I passed muster in that line.'

Just then he heard the words, 'You'll suit!' and gave a quick glance in the direction of the private office. 'Humph! Old Mac's evidently easily pleased, after all. That chap looks about as green as they grow—there's country stamped all over him. He'd be better employed, seems to me, in a cabbage-patch than as invoice clerk here'; and with a sullen expression and dejected air he walked out of the office.

Philip Dalton had set his heart upon the situation in question, and his disappointment did not in any way mellow his temper. In fact, his good humor diminished to such a degree that his friends scarcely recognized him as he strolled homeward, so curt were his replies to their greetings.

He was half-way home when Doctor Seymour's buggy drew up, and a cheerful voice said: 'That you, Phil? Jump in, my lad! I'm just bound in your direction.' Phil reluctantly accepted the offer, then regretted it when he perceived that the doctor was making a careful diagnosis of his mental state.

'Phil, my boy, what's up? You've evidently been in Dumpsland to-day.'

Phil tried in vain to bluff the question, but, noticing the doctor's face wore an expression of the kindest interest and sympathy, he told his trouble. Then he looked the doctor full in the face:

'See here, Doc., do you see anything wrong with me that would prejudice that old fellow against me? I want the truth, mind—point-blank.'

'And won't be offended to hear it?' asked the doctor, earnestly.

'Not a bit! He's a sort of old woman with lots of whims, I fancy.'

Doctor Seymour paid no attention to the last utterance of his companion, but said, abstractedly, as if to himself: 'Thumbs.'

'Thumbs?' repeated Phil in a bewildered tone.

'Yes, thumbs. See here,' and the doctor took Phil's right hand as an illustration of the little sermon he was about to deliver.

'Do you think, Phil, that Mr. McKinnon, or any other man of common sense, would prefer to employ a young man who is addicted to the cigarette habit? All the polished manner and good clothes in the world would not make up for lack of moral force. See that thumb? It's positively brown! The left is not quite so bad, but bad enough. That's what nicotine does, my dear fellow, and if you don't stop the habit, it will stop you. I know what I am talking about. You know that a watch that is not properly cared for wears out before one that is treated well. No man, if he has a grain of sense, wants a clerk whose brains are clouded with cigarette smoking. Only last week I was called to see a young fellow about your age, who was a victim to the habit, in the last stages. I could do nothing for him—he died from the poison. That's what you are coming to. It's plain speaking, but I am in duty bound to tell you.'

'What!' gasped Philip. 'Is that the brilliant future you predict for me?'

'It certainly is, if you keep on at this rate, young man. Better make a right-about turn now, before it is too late.'

Doctor Seymour's concern was so great for his young friend that he drove fully a mile further than necessary in order for time to administer this ample dose of advice, and to secure Phil's promise to make a start in the right direction.

It was a very different Philip Dalton who entered Mr. McKinnon's office a year later, and expressed a wish to see that gentleman. He was soon ushered into his presence.

'It seems to me I recollect your face,' said Mr. McKinnon, rising.

'You certainly should do so,' replied Philip, pleasantly; 'you gave me a start in life.'

'Gave you a start in life?'

'Yes, sir, when you sent me about my business a year ago.'

'How's that? I have no recollection.'

'Don't you remember? I'm the first young fellow you refused when you were receiving applications for an invoice clerk.'

'Well, to be sure! But I fail to see why you are indebted to me, since I didn't employ you.'

'If you had employed me,' remonstrated Philip, 'I might not be here now. I would probably have kept along in the same old way, and succumbed to bad habits. Tell me, sir, did my thumbs prejudice you against me?'

'Why?' asked the merchant in a tone of agreeable surprise.

Then Philip related the whole story of his disappointment, his chat with the doctor, and his resolution.—'Christian Guardian.'

The Failure.

'Beth Haven going to stay with you over the tournament!' Eva Parry exclaimed. 'I didn't know that you and Beth Haven were such friends.'

'Which merely goes to prove,' Annette retorted, gaily, 'that you haven't seen Beth Haven's brother, who is coming also. Six feet one, my dear—and such eyes! I met him at the game last fall. They are to stay three days, and if I can't accomplish something in three days—'

There was no need of finishing the sentence. Anybody who knew Annette knew exactly how it would end. It was rarely indeed that Annette failed to 'accomplish things' where boys were concerned.

Beth and her brother arrived that afternoon. Annette met them at the station, a very picture of a girl. Beth, the most generous little creature in the world, admitted it freely. She walked silently beside Annette and Tom, who were chatting gaily. When they had reached the house, however, and Annette was leading them to their rooms, Beth asked for Annette's mother.

'Oh, she's busy somewhere around,' Annette answered, carelessly. Perhaps if Annette had seen the surprise in Tom Haven's eyes it might—since she was quick—have told her something; but she did not. As soon as her guests came down, she took them out on the lake, and it was not until supper-time that they met Mrs. Keith. Annette performed the introduction carelessly.

'Oh, here's mother!' she said. 'Here are Beth and Mr. Haven, mother'—and not another word did she address to her mother during the meal.

After supper, when they were on the piazza, Mrs. Keith came to the door a moment. Tom sprang up to offer her a seat. She glanced wistfully at Annette, who did not turn her head, and with hurried thanks the mother slipped away, and was seen no more that night.

The two days following passed in the same way. Once Beth, finding that Mrs. Keith was in the kitchen most of the time, begged to help; but Mrs. Keith refused with such dismay that Beth retreated at once. It was terrible to the girl, whose own mother was her children's closest comrade. Her only comfort in the situation was that Tom was evidently seeing things, too.

When, the uncomfortable three days over, Beth and Tom left, Annette knew, notwithstanding the courteous thanks and farewells, that she had, for some unaccountable reason, failed to 'accomplish something' with Tom Haven.

'It must have been that prig of a Beth!' she said, angrily. And the pity of it was that she really thought so.—'Youth's Companion.'

The New 'Witness' Serial.

Twenty-five cents is but a trifle for such a splendid story as 'Paths of the Righteous' (which costs $1.35 in book form). Yet you get it for that price and all the other features of the 'Weekly Witness' for four months thrown in, by sending a trial subscription now. Get four neighbors not now taking the 'Witness' to join you and we give the whole for $1.00. We will supply the opening chapters (it starts May 25th) and guarantee the end of the story even if it runs past the estimated four months. See advt. on page 10.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Dear Old Story.

A Missionary Recitation for the Juniors.

Come round me, my little children;
For I have a tale to tell,
More true than the fairy stories
You know and love so well—

So sweet that the angels above us
Have woven it into a song,
And up in the glory of heaven
Sing it the whole day long.

So sweet that the thrush and blackbird,
While winging across the sky,
Have caught the song of the angels
Echoing down from on high.

And, hearing so lovely a ditty,
Have wound it into their notes,
To give it to us in warblings
Of joy from their musical throats.

And I think that all little children,
E'en the tiniest baby-thing,
May learn this song that the angels
Are teaching the birds to sing.

There are thousands of little children--
A great and pitiful throng—
Who never have heard this story,
And never have learned this song.

All over the world they are waiting
For the song so simple and sweet,
For the song that the angels are singing
As they bow at the Saviour's feet.

'Tis for us who have heard it so often,
To send it far abroad—
The wonderful song and story,
Of Jesus Christ our Lord.

—'Wonderlands.'

Some Smart Babies.

(L. J., in the 'Eagle.')

'Those dreadful, dreadful moths.' That is what we are apt to say when we take out our winter garments, and find the tiny, pin-like holes which tell their own story.

Of course, we associate the damage with the small buff fly, which flits about our houses in the early spring and summer. But while she is in a sense responsible, her children are the real sinners. They, as perhaps you know, are not the least bit like their mother, but are tiny, worm-like creatures, very interesting, even if they are so exasperating. I suppose they would excuse their doings on the plea that they must eat like the rest of the world. It seems reasonable enough, and their mother evidently finds it justifiable, for apparently, without the least compensation, she lays her bits of eggs on the best our wardrobe offers. Of two garments, she always chooses the finest and best, not because she has a special grudge against us, but because fine cloth contains less oil than the coarser kinds, and her babies enjoy it more.

After she has laid her eggs, and glued them to the hairs of our furs or woollens, she rests content. Her task is finished. The eggs hatch in two or three weeks, and as soon as the babies are out, each begins to build a tiny house. Reaching out for a long thread, he, or, rather, she, lays it lengthwise of her body. Another is placed beside the first one, and the two are fastened together by silk threads, which she spins as she works.

The cutting and spinning are continued until the house is large enough not only to quite cover the little inmate, but also allow her to turn about.

This finished, the young worm begins to eat, but she takes care to eat solid cloth, and never the hairs she has been cutting.

As her appetite is large, the inevitable happens; she grows too big for her clothes, or, rather, her house. She is too smart to make an entire new one. That would be too much work. She

The Chicken and the Spider.

'Quick, quick!' cried Brownie.

'Come quick!' and Downy and Blacktop ran at his call.

'Is it good to eat?' they asked as they ran.

'I don't know,' replied Brownie. 'I thought it was falling down but it stays up in the air and I've not got a peck at it yet.'

'It is very leggy,' said little Downy, 'and it makes me feel creepy just to look at it.'

'Oh! I'll soon get it,' said Blacktop, 'just watch me jump.'

He did jump but wise Mr. Spider had been watching them with his two rows of eyes and he did not wait to be gobbled. He climbed up his thread and hid himself away in his web, and the three little chicks ran to tell their mother what a queer thing they had seen.

—'Rayon de Soleil.'

simply cuts a slit in her old one and sets in a patch. Then she goes on eating.

Her appetite satisfied after a time, she shuts her door and hangs her house to a shelf or wall. Then she goes to sleep.

Perhaps you can guess what happens when the house door opens again—the baby comes forth transformed, and so like her mother that it would be almost impossible to tell them apart. Of course, the business of her life is to lay eggs, and from these eggs come another generation of babies with big appetites. So, alas for our clothes!

A Lushai Boy.

The Story of Khawngaibula.

Khawngaibula belongs to the Lushai Hills, in North-East India, where Mr. Savidge and Mr. Lorrain, have been working since 1903, and he was the first little motherless baby in that country to be cared for by strangers. For the Lushai hill-people, like some of the Congo tribes, had the cruel custom of burying helpless babes with their dead mothers. No one would take the trouble to look after them, and they had scarcely a chance of life.

How surprised they were when the Missionaries showed them a better way. Mrs. Savidge bought a glass feeding-bottle with a rubber mouthpiece, and placed milk in it. Their own babies never have such things—indeed, they had never seen a feeding-bottle before, and never drank cow's milk. So the story spread through the hills like magic, and the people gathered in crowds to see the strange sight of Khawngaibula taking his milk in charge of his little nurse-girl. They were also surprised to notice that he wore a little shirt, and that he was washed every day, and that he slept in a little cradle in the Mission House. They quite thought that he would die under this strange foreign treatment, and were filled with wonder to see him grow a plump and bonny little fellow.

Now the little lad is four years old, and Mr. Savidge has sent a letter, which runs as follows:

'Khawngaibula is four years old now, and a strong, sturdy little fellow. He is developing a will of his own, and a taste for the Fine Arts too, I think, by the way he sometimes decorates his legs with mud. I don't think he knows what fear is. Like all young Lushais, he prefers to walk along the edge of a precipice rather than on a respectable road. A tree overhanging a deep chasm is always a temptation for a Lushai to use it as a short cut.

'Khawngaibula delights in making himself look like a pyramid of dust, with just his head peeping through the top. He despises civilised garments, and considers natural sunshine much better than tailor-made costumes. He never forgets to let us know that he is present when the roll is called in Sunday-school. He pretends, in his way, to do a lot of reading and writing, but at present the letters are only a jumble in his brain. He tries to sort them out into some order sometimes, but does not succeed. He brings a piece of paper with some pencil marks on, and tells me he has made a pig, but he is never sure which is the head and which the tail. "It is all there," he says, but I have to pick out the different parts as best I can.'

Khawngaibula means 'first-fruits of charity.' As you see, it is a name with a history. Does it not tell us clearly of the good we do not only to men and women, but to innocent little children, by sending Gospel Messengers to the heathen tribes of distant lands?—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

The Little Tempter.

(Cousin Floy, in the 'Child's Hour.')

'Did your mamma say you mustn't go outside your gate?' asked Leonard, adroitly.

Marie nodded. 'She said I must not play in the street at "all"!' she emphasized. Leonard swung round and round on his heel and flung a pebble at a stray chicken.

'There's an organ-grinder and a monkey down the street a ways,' he said. 'I can see and hear 'em, too, from the next corner. I'm going down there.'

'Oh, I "wish" I could go, Leonard!' said poor little Marie, trying to peek through the picket fence. 'I do so love monkeys. Mebbe they'll come this-a-way past our house. Stay here and see if they don't.'

Leonard shook his head. 'They won't,' he said. 'They always turn on to Third Street. But we can go down to the end of your lot, and climb over and go through Mrs. Bent's on to Third. Let's.'

'But mamma said——' began Marie.

'She said not to go out of the gate, and you're not going to,' said the small man of affairs. 'Your going to climb over the line fence, at the back of the lot. That's not the same thing at all.'

Marie was not quite sure that this was just the right kind of reasoning, but the desire to see the monkey was greater than anything else, so away she ran after Leonard. Over the fence they rolled, straight through Mrs. Bent's garden, trampling down her early vegetables, and out upon Third Street, only to find the organ-grinder and monkey disappearing in the far distance.

And now they were in a difficulty. Mrs. Bent was very much put out at the way they had trampled on her garden, and refused to allow them to return that way; so they had to go around by the street and go in at the gate, and there was Marie's mamma sitting on the front porch!

'You didn't go "out" of the gate; tell her that and she'll let you off,' said Leonard, running off to his own home, like the cowardly boy he was.

But Marie's mamma did not 'let her off,' and Master Leonard also found that 'Little Tempters' are sometimes punished as they deserve.

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FOR JUNE

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142 St. Peter Street, Montreal

Temperance

Alcoholism.

Thirty Moral and Hygienic Precepts.

(Translated from El Nuevo Tiempo, Bogoto, South America, by T. P. W.)

(By L. Razetti, in the 'Alliance News and Temperance Reformer.')

1. Alcohol is not an aperient.
2. Alcohol is not a food.
3. Alcohol is a poison.
4. Alcoholism is the chronic poisoning which results from the permanent use of spirituous drinks, even when not producing drunkenness.
5. The 'aperient' is the carrier of chronic alcoholism.
6. The use of spirituous drinks should be prescribed in order to benefit the future of the race.
7. The habit of drinking alcohol conduces to the disaffection of the family, to the forgetfulness of social duties, a disgust for work, to misery, to robbery, to murder, and suicide.
8. Alcoholism is the cause of many illnesses, consumption, paralysis, lunacy, dropsy, stomach disorders, liver complaints, kidney disorders, and many grave water disorders; typhus, dysentry, pulmonia, etc.
9. Alcohol does not improve muscular strength; but on the contrary, when the excitement has gone, comes then the nervous depression.
10. The children of drunkards, if not born dead, are later in life scrofulous, epileptic, idiots, lunatics, or criminals.
11. Alcoholism is a social cancer of the epoch, its effects are transmitted from generation to generation.
12. Out of every hundred of consumptives, seventy-five are drinkers in excess.
13. Alcoholism every year destroys thousands of lives.
14. The spirit drinker commits suicide with inconsistency by degrading himself before death.
15. The alcoholic is to be despised before the eyes of women, who love in men talent, virtue, valor, and power, the great attributes which beautify the mind, not the vices which degrade.
16. The alcoholic is the mortal enemy of love, and incapable of love.
17. Alcoholism is the most sad and degrading of the vices.
18. No vice places a man in such a low position as alcoholism.
19. The drunken man is not worthy of pity nor commiseration; he is to be profoundly despised by all.
20. The office tippler converts himself into a low repugnant being.
21. The drunkard is capable of all crimes, because the slow action of the poison on his central nervous system stupefies to the point of losing all notion of personal decorum, respect, and honor.
22. All good citizens should fight against the propogation of the alcoholic vice, in the name of the health of the individual, the existence of the family, and the well-being of the nation.
23. The anti-alcoholic fight is a work of philanthropy, patriotism, and justice.
24. It is necessary to interpose ourselves between noble, honorable, and laborious work, and alcohol that offers a momentary pleasure in exchange for loss of mental and physical power.
25. Alcohol is not necessary to everybody.
26. Alcohol is prejudicial to all.
27. It is possible to live well without alcohol.
28. It is impossible to live with alcohol.
29. The abuse of alcohol enfeebles the body and mind.
30. The alcoholic industry enriches many; but alcoholism conduces to the degradation of the people, misery, illness, and death.

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Doctors and Alcohol.

A Remarkable Petition for the Right Instruction of School Children.

A most illuminating article has appeared in the London 'Daily Chronicle' with regard to the attitude of medical men in Great Britain towards alcohol. The writer, himself a doctor, admits that there has been, in former times, too much encouragement of drink as a stimulant to patients. 'By doctor's orders' is too commonly employed. At the present time, however, the attitude of the medical profession is undergoing a complete change. A gratifying proof of this is found in the fact that a copy of a petition to be presented to the chief educational authority of the country, urging that school children should be instructed as to the poisonous and destructive qualities of alcohol, has been sent out to every registered practitioner in the country, and in four days 14,000 signatures were received.

The London 'Christian' says: 'This is good news. The day has passed when it is necessary to argue whether alcohol is a poison or not. Scientific men are agreed about that matter. But medical men are largely the agents whereby this scientific truth is brought to the door of sick people, and a solid body of medical practice in this direction would surely work wonders.'

The Criminal Inebriate.

At the meeting of the American Medical Association in Atlantic City, N.J., a paper by Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., entitled 'Should inebriates be punished by death for crime?' aroused considerable interest. Dr. Crothers said in part: 'It is evident that the legal theory that inebriety is no excuse for crime, and the punishment based on this theory as a deterrent and remedy, is a stupid blunder. The inebriate should never be punished with death for crime committed under the influence of alcohol. The fact of excessive use of alcohol should be accepted as evidence of mental impairment and inability to control acts and conduct.'

Wood Alcohol Poisoning.

At the meeting of the American Medical Association in Atlantic City, N.J., Dr. Frank Bullock, of Montreal, read an instructive paper on wood alcohol. He states that wood alcohol is generally used in such substances as Jamaica ginger, essence of peppermint, lemon essence and cologne spirits. 'Thousands of people,' said Dr. Bullock, 'are doubtless taking this poison into their systems. The poison in its first stage causes mild intoxication and intestinal trouble. The second stage develops aggravated symptoms of blindness; the third overwhelming prostration and death.'

..HOUSEHOLD..

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The Philosophy of Recreation

Not to stop a minute, not to pause for rest, for recreation, is to forget the deep, the suggestive meaning of that latter word. To recreate is to rebuild the forces, and in no direction is an earnest woman so extravagant as in force expenditure, in no direction is she so niggardly as in rebuilding tissue weakened by over use.

Not to pause, to contemplate the work ahead, carefully sorting out the task worth doing from the task not worth while, is simply to permit the ever flying heels to rule an idle head, in place of that better principle of living, through which the 'head saves the heels. A day instinct with strength, with

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love, with effort—all misapplied—is a day of barren victories.

'How have I ruled my home this week—with what profit, with what loss?'—is the intimate question which every wise home-maker repeatedly asks herself, not as a proposition to worry over, but a simple business statement.

The query should reach out far beyond the dollars and cents area. Every moment robbed from activity, spent in educative musing on the deeper side of her work, must pay doubly in a higher final product—a finer wine of life from her vintage. In the final summing, the home-maker's sovereign questions must be these: 'Could I to-day have been engaged to better advantage? Have I spent an hour bottling new wine in old bottles, when folded hands and ten minutes' reflection would have taught me a wiser activity? How has my time, that valuable asset to me and to others, been to-day applied? I have been constantly occupied, but has being occupied satisfied me?' —'Good Housekeeping.'

Ignorance of Self.

Horace Mann said of himself: 'I was taught all about the motions of the planets as carefully as if they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to contract their orbits, but about my own organization I was left in profound ignorance.'

The ignorance of a tremendously large proportion of men, even those of superior general intelligence, which affords no well-rounded conception of a subject so vital to life's deepest welfare as the import, obligations and responsibilities of his virile nature, is a fact of which every conscientious parent becomes sadly cognizant. It is an ignorance, if blameless, so dense as to be supremely ridiculous, were it not so deeply pathetic in view of its far-reaching and most sorrowful consequences.

Her Unanswered Prayers.

At twenty-five Martha Bates found herself, after many heart-sickening delays, the teacher in charge of the little Pine Islands School.

It was not such a position as she had dreamed of in her earlier, more girlish days. Then it was with a college professorship, or, later, with a medical diploma that her dreams had had to do. Because, however, of delicate health those dreams had been only dreams, and advanced scholarship a thing to be thought of with useless regret. She really was thankful for the little school. It meant bread and butter to her; but more than that, it would give her a chance to try to help other girls and boys to acquire what she had failed to have.

She was stronger now than she had been, yet she realized that her strength must be husbanded and improved upon. Accordingly, she began a course of study by mail with a noted instructor of physical culture, passing the instruction along to her own pupils. Much of her time must be spent in outdoor life, and she induced many of the boys and girls to follow her example in taking long walks, during which she led them in observing plant and bird life, and awakened in some a strong desire to study.

The young people of the village welcomed her advent, for new faces were not of every-day occurrence, and the strangers who sometimes came were not often as companionable as the tall, slender teacher. Gradually the young fellows of the little town also began to accept the hospitality which Miss Bates's boarding-mistress was glad to extend to the young people. The gatherings were simple in character, but there was good-fellowship and fun and music, with now and then modest refreshments, and the young men enjoyed the companionship which their parents had been slow to provide.

And then one day, after three years of faithful work with her boys and girls, there came into her life, as comes into the lives of most women, a new interest. A 'supply' at the village church, seeing her, had been attracted, and had come again and again to the town, that he might see and know more of the bright-faced teacher. It was the old, old story which is unfailingly new.

She told him that she was not fitted for the position of a pastor's wife in the city church to which he had recently been called. But the young clergyman felt no hesitation in transplanting his 'flower of the world,' and, half-reluctantly, she prepared to leave her school, with all that the life there meant to her.

On the evening preceding her departure her friends prepared an impromptu reception for her. There was no pretense of formality, for no one had thought of coming save as an individual to tell her what she had done for Pine Islands.

'My girls would have left home long ago,' one mother said, grasping the teacher's softer hands in hers. 'They were so discontented with life.'

'My boy is keen to go away,' smiled the physician of the town. 'I never thought he'd care for study, but Miss Bates has inspired him with a thirst after knowledge. We've much to be grateful to you for.'

A little apart from the rest sat a woman whose sad face was a contrast to the others. To her Miss Bates hastened.

'I don't know what'll become of my boys,' she said, her voice breaking. 'They were all heading straight toward the drink that killed their father until you—'

As if in answer to the cry of their mother, the four boys, young fellows from seventeen to twenty-two, entered the room, walking rapidly to the corner where the two women sat.

The oldest boy spoke:

'We didn't mean to make this a scene, Miss Bates, mother, but—we wanted to show how much we appreciate what you've done for us, Miss Bates—and so—we decided to let you carry our temperance pledge with you. We make the promise to you and mother.'

When the teacher knelt, an hour later, in her little room, she thanked God for what He had permitted her to do. 'Because Thou didst not grant my petition years ago, when I prayed for health and education, I thank Thee, else "leanness of soul" might be mine to-night. Thou hast led me in a plain path.' —'Youth's Companion.'

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Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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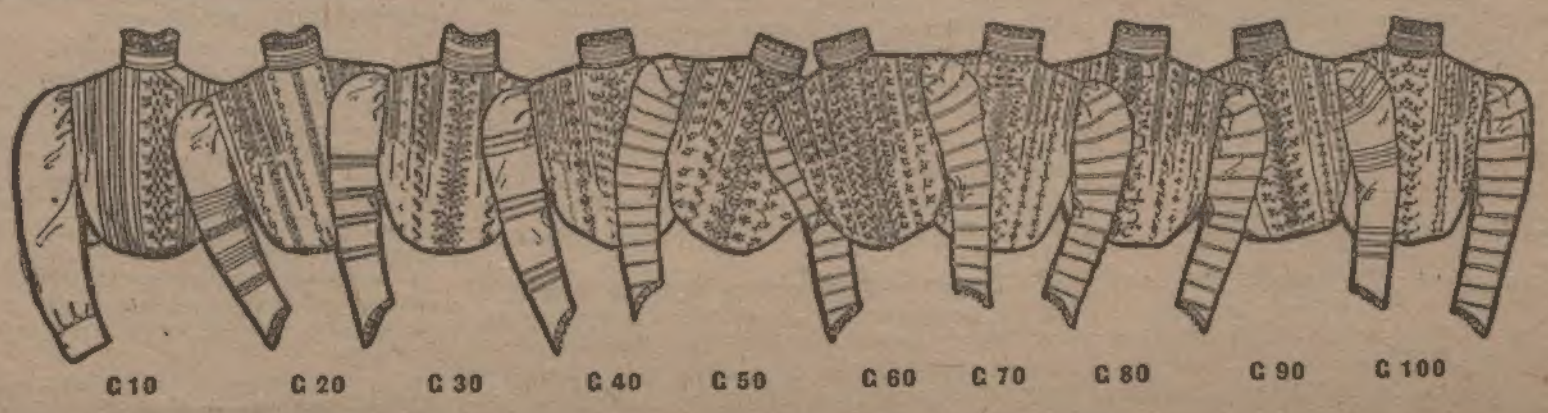

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